



THE GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS &amp; TECHNOLOGY

# ELECTIONS A FARCE



New SAC Society at Casa Loma

On Thursday, October 15, Casa Loma campus was the scene of a farce that challenges even George Brown's firmly established records. That, for the enlightenment of the other campuses — and almost all on Casa Loma, was the date of the election for president and treasurer of its student society.

It was necessary to look closely to notice it. For people to vote they must know there is an election. Few did.

For the election to have any meaning whatever, the candidates must be known to at least most of the electorate. — They weren't.

For a reasonable choice to be made, the qualifications of those candidates must be known. — They weren't.

For an indication of opinion an election must have some issues. — This one didn't.

An election, by definition, is a choice by vote.

A vote was made but how can there be a choice when none of the voters were aware of the alternatives? Or even of the fact that there was an election?

And can it in fact be termed a vote if only 1/6 of the campus took part in the "general" election?

The usual scapegoat for a poor election turnout is the ever-present, "Student Apathy."

While not denying the existence of this intangible negative, apathy cannot be blamed for this absurdity that dares to masquerade as an election.

It is the duty of a candidate for an elected office to present himself to those who will be doing the voting. He cannot expect people to support him in his candidacy if they are not aware of his existence — or, granting that awareness, his ability, qualifications, and policies.

At least a responsible candidate can't expect it. A vote made on any other basis is not a valid judgement and cannot be accepted as such. Voting without that knowledge would be judging (if it can be called that) on the basis of the appearance of the name on the ballot — and little else.

An elected government post is also (supposedly) representative.

For an officer to represent a campus, at least a large number of the students on that campus must express themselves by vote.

For practical purposes the above stipulation is, of course, subject to the stipulation that an honest effort had been made:

1. To inform the voters of the fact of an election.
2. To inform the candidates' qualifications and policies.

On Thursday, October 15, none, — repeat, none — of these conditions were met.

The class lists used for the voting had 400 names. The campus officers themselves admit to there being about 600 in fact.

The total number of votes for President was 108: For Treasurer — 110.

What was the nature of these few votes that were made? Of the 5 candidates, 4 came from 2 courses. It is therefore probably fairly safe to assume that at least 50% of those that did vote were classmates of those running.

These people at least would presumably know the candidates, but can this be termed campus representation?

A large number of the ballots submitted contained only one vote. Why? The voter knew only one candidate.

Under the circumstances this is a reasonable action.

He realized the foolishness of voting for people he didn't know.

That attitude can in no way be termed anything but responsible, and certainly not apathetic.

One student, in fact, not knowing any of the candidates, but still wanting to vote, cast a blank ballot. That's a beautiful protest.

As is obvious from the number of people that didn't vote, many others used in this as their means of protest.

Refusing to participate in a farce thereby lending it a false credence, is also a reasonable and, indeed, laudable action.

This election is totally unacceptable, on a theoretical (political theory), moral, or practical basis.

For the officers "selected" to retain office is for them to act on a mandate they do not possess and for people who were not given the opportunity to cast an informed (and therefore valid) ballot.

I am not against either of those elected. I am not against any of the candidates. How can I be when I don't know anything about them?

I, and anybody else, cannot be expected to make a decision without the facts on which to base it.

The fact that not one of the candidates possessed the responsibility and initiative to call an assembly does not, however, speak well for their executive abilities.

Another election must be held.

The officers must, in conscience, resign these un-mandated positions. If they do not, the class representatives, student body, SAC higher government and administration should refuse to accept them as representatives.

And to prevent similar fiascos in the future a set of pre-election conditions must be prepared and met for an election to be accepted as valid.

If this requires constitutional changes — MAKE THEM!

G.K. STONEMAN  
NC5-2

## WHO'S GOT THE PHOTOS?

Anyone who is interested in finding out what happened to their class pictures may be interested to know that these photos are all at the S.A.C. office on Kendal Ave.

Why you never received them is still a mystery. I strongly blame your Student Administrative Council for that. These

Do you have the feeling that Mr. Moody dislikes him?

Will someone please bring a pillow to the next S.A.C. Meeting for Bill Eakins, so when he goes to sleep we can at least make him comfortable.

pictures have been sitting in the offices at Kendal Ave. for months just gathering dust. So far as I know, nobody is in charge of getting these pictures to the right parties.

From the stacks and noise of pictures, (your pictures), I would say that there must be an awful lot of people who are very anxious to receive them.

If you make a lot of noise to your reps and Society members, and you're really lucky, you just might receive these pictures, which I imagine are of great sentimental value to you.

Once again you have been let down.

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THE  
GLOBE  
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360-1554

## MOVING!

On Friday October 16, 1970, SAC was informed by Mr. Lloyd, through Tim Dineen, a resident of 174 Kendal Avenue, that 174 Kendal Ave. (SAC offices) must be vacated during the next week. Consequently the Globe office at 160 Kendal Ave. is being relocated at Teraulay Campus, Room 410, so that SAC can use the space at

160 Kendal for their offices. Moving and getting a paper together in the same day is going to be a real experience, I can imagine what kind of experience, but I don't feel that I should use that sort of language to express my feelings in the Globe, so I'll just say, "Golly, I wish I could have had more notice!"

## NEW SAC PRESIDENT

I guess by now you know we have a new president in S.A.C. But Wilcocks was appointed to this position after Andrew Winter was told by the Board that he was "unconstitutionally holding office". After the mass confusion was over, But told me, "It's not bad enough that I got the job of first vice-president without a fight but I didn't even have a chance to sit at my desk before I was named president."

Personally I believe that Burt will be a good president. He started out two months ago at a class representative meeting at Teraulay campus. There he was elected to president of the society. From that day forward he has put every spare minute into working for the students. I would like to take the opportunity now as its past executive of the Teraulay Board to thank Burt for sacrificing his class hours and home life for the solving of S.A.C. problems. Now that he is president of S.A.C. I know that he can use his creative ability to help form the new student administration that is being formed in our College.

This system will be a first in North America. The system will work on no fees and I am quite sure it will

eliminate all suspicions of people misusing funds. He feels that an association incorporating student representatives, faculty, administration, alumni and industry will serve the students in a greater capacity than the present S.A.C. hierarchy. His aims are to utilize information from all facets of the community and the college, therefore preparing students for better jobs with more acceptability than is now possible through our present administrative dictated courses.

A thorough examination and investigation along these lines is now being carried out by an investigating committee. This committee apparently has met with nothing but approval by numerous students and industry heads that have been made aware of the new plan. Burt Wilcocks wants to see students graduate from this school to be rewarded by the best jobs available and not a second-rate employment as now may be the case.

Maybe by the time you read this paper, Burt should be passing around the cigars, as his wife is just about to present him with their first child.

GOOD LUCK BURT!!!

## Goodbye Andy

This will probably be the last issue of the Globe, that ANDY WINTER'S name will appear in so frequently.

At the board meeting of October 8, 1970, the chairman made a ruling that Andy Winter was unconstitutionally holding office.

At the start of the meeting Bob Tiffin demanded to know if the president was in fact the president. At that time Andy went into a long drawn out speech about his finances, the number of hours he spent here and one helluva lot of self sympathy. All this time he never mentioned Tiffin. That is when Bob Cummings rose and asked the chairman to make a ruling.

Andy did not bother to enroll in a course at George Brown College. He said it was because honorariums were cut, he could not afford it. Yet on the other hand he enrolled at York University for two courses (\$220.00). He will probably explain it away by saying that he paid York before the freeze.

Why couldn't he pay George Brown before the freeze. If he had any intention of coming here?

## COME OUT & DANCE

"Out From Eden" is pumping out the music. The price, a measly dollar, \$1.00 per head. It's all going to start at 8:00 p.m.

So remember October 28, 1970, at 8:00 p.m., Nassau Campus. This is for you so be there.

## ... HOT LINE

I hear through the 'grapevine' that Andy Winter is coming to work at Teraulay Campus. (Good Luck Audio Visual)

Here's a word for the Hockey Players of G.B.C. FORGET IT!

And for the Basketball Players, Likewise

A minute late for class at Teraulay and the Staff mark you late. Has anyone seen a clock there?

A rumour is going around that Nassau campus wants to form their own S.A.C. (I wonder why)

When the vote for treasurer came up at

Thursday's S.A.C. Meeting, did J. Simpson have anything to do with the Rep. from Casa Loma nominating a person?

By the way, Jim resigned on Thursday from S.A.C.

Is the new safe at Teraulay Campus going to be for their ping pong balls and six darts?

Has anyone seen a two seater black coach other than the ones that are in the common room at Teraulay?

Did you hear the one about Bob Tiffin (President College Campus) getting a \$5.00 parking ticket in the Staff Parking Lot?

# EDITORIAL

As of December 1969, I have been attending George Brown College as a full-time student. During this time I have observed complete apathy towards the Student Administrative Council.

Since I became editor (October 5, 1970), I have received many letters asking me why S.A.C. doesn't do this or doesn't do that. Perhaps if more of you got off your butts to vote and chase your class reps. around to get something done, S.A.C. could be a better instrument to do your bidding. By the way, how many of you even bothered to elect a class rep? Not many. Well if your class doesn't have a rep., you don't have a voice and no matter who you blame, the fault still lies on your shoulders.

S.A.C. doesn't run the students, the students run S.A.C. Until George Brown students realize this, there will be very little done to meet demands. I don't believe you realize the power that S.A.C. can wield on your behalf.

The "Council" could, with your support, initiate changes in social activities, sports, administration and almost anything else that you the students feel necessary; but without your support they are free to carry on spending our money without anyone ever questioning their decisions.

What is wrong with you people? If you don't care what happens within your college or if you feel S.A.C. is a worthless aid to your wants and needs, then why not get your class reps out to meetings and get something done that you DO want, otherwise you don't even have a right to voice your opinions.

I strongly urge all students of this College to stop mumbling among yourselves and bring your complaints, objections and suggestions to your Student Representatives where they should be put to work.

## POOR LOSER

Student's Administrative Council  
George Brown College  
174 Kendal Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Fellow Students:

As I write this, I am entertaining sad thoughts about your decision to appoint your Mr. Gary Archibald as editor to the Globe. Just a few minutes ago, Mr. Archibald informed me by telephone that he did not want me on his staff on the Globe. He felt that he did not want an entertainment section, and had no other use for me, and also mentioned that he wanted to use his "own staff."

Mr. Archibald went on record, at the recent board meeting, to say that he knew nothing of running a newspaper. How, then, does he have a staff of "his own" to operate the paper? As a matter of fact, after the board meeting, Mr. Archibald told me, in these words, that he "owes some positions of the Globe to his friends", and expressed some doubts even then that I wouldn't remain as assistant editor.

I informed the board, at the meeting, that I would be happy to work with Mr. Archibald if appointed editor, and that I would be willing to work with anyone. Mr. Archibald, evidently feels that he cannot work with me.

This is to bring before the board, charges by me, against Mr. Archibald of incompetence, inability, and a willingness to sacrifice quality of the student's newspaper, in favour of personal friendships.

I demand, as a fees-paying student at George Brown College, that Mr. Archibald be relieved of his post at once, and that a new editor be chosen.

If the board does not wish to act on my charges, I am prepared to seek redress through other means. I might endeavour to begin a new students' council, or a new paper, with funds which I would seek from the Administration of the school.

I do not know all the alternatives, but you can easily appreciate my discontent. I further request that you allow me to be present at a board meeting to read this to you. Respectfully submitted, this 10th day of October 1970, with respect,

LAWRENCE M. BEDDER  
TERAULAY STREET,  
GRAPHIC ARTS 1A

Mr. Bedder:

I sincerely wish that you had guts enough to attend the meeting to which you refer in your letter. I was there, prepared to discuss your childish accusations. I now realize that there is no point in trying to communicate with a "poor loser."

EDITOR

P.S. I'm sorry to hear of your discomfort, but have you tried a laxative!

The Editor,  
The Globe Office  
Dear Sir:

What is going on in the S.A.C.? Why do they not let the students of our college know more about it?

I have heard that athletics are being cut out of this year's program. Varsity Hockey and Basketball, to be specific.

The problem with this school is the lack of communication. We, the students of George Brown College, cannot help our S.A.C. out if we don't know exactly what the problem is.

Sincerely yours,  
Bill Cameron.

To The Editor,  
Re: VARSITY HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL

Hockey has been dropped! Canada's national sport has been dropped from George Brown sports curriculum. Why? Because of a lack of interest, or it is possible that we don't have enough students to make up a team? What's going on? Do you want hockey? Yes! Then get the hell out there and go after it.

It is really true that there aren't any physically fit men or women in G.B.C. to play basketball. Come on, let's see some action. Get out there people and get yourselves a hockey and basketball team. Stop your whining, if you don't do it, it won't get done.

ANONYMOUS

The Editor,  
The Globe.  
Gentlemen:

I am a student of George Brown College in the post-secondary program. There are a few things about the school I would like you to know, as well as the public in general.

First of all, this building is very old in appearance, it looks somewhat like a factory although a new

Editor of the Globe,  
George Brown College.  
To S.A.A.

This letter is directed to the members of the S.A.A. who are fulfilling their obligations to the least of their ability; unfortunately, we have never heard you speak, give proposals, try to inform the students or even tell us your problems. Therefore, we must surmise that the staff of S.A.A. are fictitious people.

We were recently informed in a short memo that the Varsity Hockey and Basketball had been cut because of lack of funds. Who are you trying to kid? If there was a cut back on the lavish fees paid to the Student Council and other organizations there would be more than enough funds to carry on these activities.

I feel (and I am not alone) that the students who run our school should do so for the enjoyment, and for the good of George Brown, not for their personal gains.

On conclusion, athletics should be a major part of

The Editor,  
The Globe.  
Dear Sir:

I think something could be done to improve the

Bill Cameron:

First of all it should be up to you or your class representative to get the information about S.A.C. if you do not have a rep., elect one.

The athletics that you refer to were indeed cut off. But your S.A.C. had no say in this matter. The big man at 500 McPherson Avenue is responsible for that.

EDITOR

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Fee Paying Student!

The Editor,  
The Globe  
George Brown College  
Dear Sir:

I am a fee-paying student representing my class and probably the rest of the fee-paying students. As we all know we are in the minority at George Brown.

Facts and figures speak better than a lot of bad sounding babble. 90% of students at George Brown do not pay fees; furthermore, they come here and are paid for their time. They are Manpower students. The remaining 10% or less are fee-paying students; therefore, I feel that we should have more privileges and opportunities than the others.

We are not a savage, selfish, radical group of

students but a group that feels pushed aside, neglected, forgotten and totally abandoned.

You, as editor, cannot hope to change this situation yourself but your influence could greatly aid our means to get our ends. Do not feel that this is a protest which will turn into a protest, but just as a note to illustrate our position at this college.

We urge you to take action and print articles about our plight and try to better our situation. We all will be grateful for anything done.

Yours truly  
Mike Pupo  
F.L.F.P.S. President

Mike Pupo  
Your point is well taken.

EDITOR

## SCHOOL HOURS TOO LONG

campus is being built, it will take 2 years time to complete the project. During this period I think the school administrators should have done something about the appearance of the old building. It is not only beneficial to the students, but to the college as a whole.

Secondly, we think we should have some recreational facilities.

Thirdly, the school hours are too long. It is tiring for the students, especially for those who work at part time jobs.

We hope you will publish this letter and we wish to thank you very much.

Very sincerely,  
Benny Lui

Benny Lui:  
Being in Post Secondary you probably know the cost of the course now. Can you

afford to pay more just to come into a nice looking building? Let us not forget the most important thing, we are here for education.

You refer to the physical education and then you go on to say classes are too tiring. There is a gym over at Nassau. It is empty most of the time. Have your instructors book it. That is all it takes.

EDITOR

## TO THE S.A.A.

college life, they develop school spirit and they develop you socially, and most important, spread the name of George Brown to people who normally do not know we exist.

We must replace these people who only want material gains, with others who sincerely want to better our school.

-Anonymous

A Student

The elections at the campuses were last week, where you were to elect your fellow students. At this time I have no knowledge of the S.A.A. I do not even know how to contact them.

The Athletic Director at Nassau Campus has no idea of who they are or what they are doing.

If you want the Varsity Hockey and Basketball, start it up again. Get your ass and get some people together, make your voices heard by the administration and Vince Drake, Athletic Director, at Nassau Campus.

The Editors  
The Globe  
Gentlemen:

First of all I think that the main problem of the George Brown College is the S.A.C., which is supposed to be for the students and to help the students.

We pay our \$25.00 for student fees which is to go for student services. What student activities? What is going on at G.B.C.

In the last election of S.A.C. officials, when and who ran for the offices?

Therefore, the problem with G.B.C. can be pin-pointed down to the lack of communication between S.A.C., the different campuses, and the students themselves.

Yours truly  
A Student

The Editor,  
The Globe.  
Dear Sir:

I have been at this college for a couple of months. If I had not read your newspaper, I wouldn't know about all the activities going on.

As you know, there are different campuses situated within the city. We don't have a chance to get acquainted with the other students in other campuses. It seems there is a lack of social communication between students in this college, and the authorities.

Maybe I am wrong in my assumptions, but anyway that's the kind of feeling I get here.

Yours sincerely  
John Doe

A LETTER OF PROTEST

On Wednesday, October 14, at 11 a.m. they had a party which included some of the fairest female

The Editor,  
The Globe.

I am a foreign student here in this college and after two months of school life, I should like to say something about the school. Everybody in the city knows the college because there are big pictures in the subway stations, just like business advertising. I think many students might be like that, because the school is not a business.

Besides I have no complaints about the school. The students we meet in Eastern in this school, are very kind to each other. The Manpower office in this school is very helpful to the students. So I like the school very much now.

Yours sincerely,  
Gee Har Chun

concerned seem to neglect this point. We should have far more social gatherings and activities involving all the students of all the campuses.

Yours truly,  
Edwin P.K. CHUNG

I would like to see more social activities also. Really any activities would be a rewarding change. S.A.C., I'm sure, will be happy to help you, so why not keep in touch with them through your class rep.

creatures of Teraulay Street Campus.

I believe that this action, on their part, has widened the gap between the male student body and the brick layers. If there is a repetition of this action, the male student body will be, accordingly, by riding the joint.

Bill Eakins  
Vice-President Teraulay Campus



## A Guest Editorial

Someone once said that there is little conflict between those who have power and those who do not. In other words conflict is not a question between the "ins" and the "outs", but rather between the "ins". The latter are those who have assumed the major decision — making roles within our society, in our case, S.A.C.

Every institution is hierarchically organized, and individuals or groups at the top of our institution can be designated as elites. Elites both compete and co-operate with one another; they compete to share in the making of decisions of major importance, and they co-operate because together they keep on working as a going concern. Elites govern institutions which have, in the complex world, functional tasks. It is elites who have the capacity to introduce change, this is particularly true in the Canadian society) but changes bring about shifts in the relations between elites. Because they all have power as their institutional right they can check each other's power, and, therefore, co-operation and accommodation as well as conflicts, characterize their relations.

This basically is the system we work under, or as we are told we should work under.

When we relate what has been happening during the past six months, to the way we Canadians are geared, no one will be surprised. The elites could not or would not compete nor co-operate. The result, as everyone knows by now, was a complete chaos within the SAC organization.

Widespread apathy, withdrawal, and the absence of participation in the making of decisions and policy are the great failure of the twentieth-century democracy and consequently SAC.

The students, as a whole, are to blame for the disaster within SAC. It is the students, through their apathy, that must be blamed for the mediocre society that exists within George Brown College.

For the past four years there has always been some students interested enough to desire change, be it at the administration level, or simply, they didn't like the Mickey

Mouse way some faculty members ran their classroom. It is these students that made up SAC in the past, always thriving for the betterment of their fellow students.

Unfortunately, again through apathy, some less noble elites occupied the top positions in our great corporation, and bungled things up almost beyond repair.

However, there are always, a few individuals that do seem to care and want to do something. They believe that every student should be entitled to some sort of physical program, help when he is broke, a liaison when he gets into a jam with his teacher etc., etc., etc.

SAC can do all these things and more, but, they need your help and support. Find out how you can help make this a better college.

In conclusion, I would like to express a few words of gratitude to all the people that gave me help when I needed them, be it during my term as editor or on a personal basis.

There is Mr. Lloyd, who helped me more than he will ever know by saying nothing —

Mr. Allen, Principal of Keele Campus, who has done more for his students than anyone I know. Always willing and ready to help far beyond his duties —

Mr. G. Armstrong, Vice-President, who's encouraging words never failed. A man this college could not do without.

There are many, many others, I would like to thank, too numerous to mention. (Besides the new editor told me I could only have a page.)

There is one thing however, I am not too happy about After spending one-and-a-half years at George Brown College, being well known as a trouble shooter, having been hauled down to the office because my marks were not up to par and missing too many classes (sound familiar?) I finally made it. I have finished my course.

They finally gave me my certificate — with my name on it — spelled wrong!!!

IT'S M-O-E-H-R-I-N-G — WITH AN "H".



TERAULAY CAMPUS

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## Because of Smoke . .

If you have been patting yourself on the back because you didn't smoke or because you quit smoking, it may interest you to know that the air pollution in Toronto is such that the air you use in one day fouls your lungs as much as if you smoked two packages of cigarettes.

Contrary to popular belief, pollution doesn't cease to exist just because you stop thinking about it.

Just think, if the air pollution increases throughout the world at its present rate, instead of dust floating in the air there will be cigarette butts and beer cans suspended in our precious breathing fluid.

One combatant against foul air will be civil defence supplying space suits to anyone who has to go out into the foul outside world.

As you lie in the streets coughing yourselves to death it won't do you any good to reflect to the past and say "Why didn't we do something to save our air?"

## DID YOU HEAR . . .

Did you hear about the girl from Teraulay who after two drinks felt like a new man.



## LOOKING FOR a fascinating, worth-while hobby?

Here are a few that will intrigue you.

**Amateur Radio:** Brings the world into your room. You'll be talking to interesting and often famous people all around the globe; from King Hussein to Barry Goldwater to Arthur Godfrey—all avid hams, and many, many more.

**Short Wave Listening:** Eavesdrop on short wave conversations around the world. Listen to aircraft and other essential service conversations. Hear broadcasts in English from Russia to South America, or simply listen to music from all other countries.

**Antique Radio:** Join the collectors who enjoy collecting, trading, exhibiting, and restoring equipment from the early days of radio.

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# HOW CAN A TOYOTA . . . .

Ron Lessley

Can a 1200 cc Toyota beat a 380 cu. in. Ford? Damn right.

It's called driving for the fun of it: rallying. Not only can a small car "beat" the big boys, it'll cost you less. And on Sunday afternoons, how else can you enjoy a pleasant drive over scenic country roads in competition?

Rallying is easy. Get from point A to point B in X minutes, observing legal good speed limits. A beginner needs no other equipment except a car, a wristwatch, a pencil and a piece of paper.

You need a pretty "navigator" and an event sponsored by a fun loving club.

So, O.K., you have the car (driver's licence and insurance in order) the navigator, some paper and a pencil. Your navigator has a watch, and the car's odometer reads in tenths of a mile (what car has an odometer that doesn't?) so where do you go then?

Toronto is teeming with rally clubs that sponsor novice events. Get a copy of the Globe & Mail and look

in the classified ads under Sports Cars. The paper has a column there called "Sports Car Calendar". Pick your event by place, date and time.

Don't let the wording "sports cars" fool you. Any car is a rally car. If you have a Toyota or a VW: OK. If you have a '55 Chev: OK. If you own a Ford Mach 11 or a Station Wagon: OK too. The love of competitive driving is enough.

Any rally shouldn't cost more than \$4 to enter. The usual price is \$2.00, so any extra cost usually includes "extras" such as a winner's roast at the finishing check-point. Some events include a short lecture on the sport, and others are really rallies.

If you're a little nervous about entering any event, don't be. In my first event I placed 20th out of 22 cars; my second event I placed 7th out of 15 cars, beating the winners of my first event in the process.

If you're still apprehensive, volunteer to man a check-point or scrutineer car at the starting point. All clubs

appreciate this involvement - you don't have to join to participate. There are many events that feature special "rally-master" jackets as tokens of appreciation for your work and help. Other clubs offer car-dash plaques for participation.

But, kudos and prizes and plaques aside, you rally for fun, And, a Toyota can beat a Mach 11.

Some community colleges around Ontario sponsor rally events. GBC can too. Why not? They're fun events that cost very little. A bit of gas and \$2: what can be cheaper for a great afternoon (or evening) among congenial companions?

For a starting point, Conestoga College in Kitchener is sponsoring a novice event on Sunday November 15th. All George Brownians are invited to enter.

GBC students can become initiated into a great sport, but most important, the initiation can take place with the great bunch of competitors from our brother college,

Conestoga.

Details of the event, and entry form follow, but one last word. Boozing and carousing is OK at the finish point. Liquor before or during an event is outlawed for drinking during the course of the rally. And this means drinking, not getting drunk. The smell of alcohol can get you thrown out, so booze it up later.

Send your entry form and the \$2 to:

Dave Hollinger, Organizer  
November Novice Rally  
Council of Representatives  
of the Student Association  
Conestoga College 299  
Don Valley Drive  
Kitchener, Ontario

or

Ron Lessley, Business  
Administrator, SAC, 174  
Kendal Avenue, Toronto  
174, Ontario

If you send me the entry forms, I'll be happy to forward them to Dave at Conestoga. Send your \$2 in the form of cheques or money orders payable to: Council of Reps-Conestoga

## SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

... driving for the fun of it



SIGN

LANGUAGE

YOU ARE GOING A TRUCK

## Another Pole - ish Joke

Dawned the early morn of October Ninth and what has changed around the SAC headquarters? From outward appearances, not too much! The leadership had changed hands, but that was all.

Perhaps, an hour later, the scene has changed. Outside the "Kendal Cloisters" a tall, thick, wooden hydro pole was knocked out of place. The only thing holding it up were the wires!

What Happened?  
Did Tim Dineen run into it with the SAC bike?

Did Andy Winter use his karate (SNICKER) to demonstrate his anger at losing his position?

Did President Lloyd try to destroy SAC in one big swoop?

The answer, of course, is "NO".

What happened was a Sealtest truck driver ran into the darn thing and your brand new GLOBE, beating following the great tradition of GLOBE editors, was caught without a camera.

At any rate, the mess was cleaned up the following Tuesday when men from the hydro put in a new pole and re-assembled the wires. This was done under the watchful eye of "Bashful" Barb, SAC's girl Friday.

We hope the driver of the Sealtest truck is feeling better. The last we heard, he was in the hospital.

Good luck, fella! Hope you have a good looking nurse.



A clown you may ask? Why would anyone want to be a clown? Well that's what the Globe wanted to know as well. It seemed that down at Keele Street Campus a Ross Hughes was known to his friends and teachers as "Rosco" a professional clown. We immediately set up an interview with this man to find the reasons for such a profession.

Rosco had been interested in clown antics since childhood, by watching them at local circus events. At the age of fourteen, Rosco applied, and got the job at a clown in a large circus appearing at Maple Leaf Gardens.

From many years of experience Rosco portrays many characters in his work as a professional clown. He can be seen doing a Jerry Lewis routine, Groucho Marx, Harpo Marx, and Emmett Kelly with his favourite being Red Skelton's Freddie the Freeloader. The above mentioned people have given written permission for Rosco to portray their characters in his profession and most of them have even seen him in his act.

In the interview, Rosco was asked why he loves

portraying a hobo type character. It was found that he is most comfortable and more at ease doing anything he pleases. This character is someone that Rosco would like to live as in real life, so as to be able to live off the country and be free and happy and close to real life.

Rosco will do many charity benefits where he is paid and will reimburse them with his pay as a donation. His favourite organization is the Retarded Children where he recently performed in front of a crowd of twenty-four hundred children. Rosco has also been appearing at the Beverly Hills Motel, Brunswick Hotel, and Eastbourne Hotel where he has held the audience at bay with his performance, and he claims that this is the best thing that could possibly happen to an entertainer in his class.

Rosco feels that there is no better way in which a man can relax if he is not doing something he loves. This particular clown has a love for putting smiles on adults' and children's faces. What better reason can there be for becoming a clown?

Reporter John Watson

## AROUND ONTARIO

by Ron Lessley

Sir Sandford Fleming (Peterborough) - The Purple Thorn, SSF's student newspaper, reports that their cafeteria is being cut in half. The college in Peterborough is so crowded that half the space is being used for classroom area. The SAC president might think that all the lecturing and teaching would interfere with the car playing. That's as bad as a guy sleeping at a party and disturbing the revelry with the snoring. On the "lighter" side, the students have agreed with the Department of Transport in acquainting their public with some new signs: see above.

Lambton (Sarnia) - Sarnia's community college has had their Frosh Activities, which include: Slave Auctions, Parades, dances, concerts, a car SMASH and film festivals. We're just waiting for news of the results. Hopefully, it was a success. The Other Side, Lambton's paper, reports a week-long schedule of activities for the freshmen.

Centennial (Scarborough) - Construction around Centennial is still prevalent. Students at the Scarborough community college are reported to be a little sick of all the muck. The Asylum, Centennial's paper, has inferred that intemperate and registration was in an uproar. Worse than that, a student in the "Letters" column reported a Joe complex among members of the construction team around the campus. "Long haired bastard" is not a term usually used to endear construction workers to the hearts of students.

Centennial held elections recently, but only 20 students turned out to hear the candidates' speeches.

A "Shinerama" was held at Centennial, only to become a dismal failure reports Asylum. Not only were most students apathetic, the public was too. This campaign, held to support the fight against the child-killer Cystic Fibrosis, was ignored by the people that were approached for donations in the form of shiners. Sherry Connolly, a Centennial student that did participate reports the winner of the best excuse not to give prize goes to the lady who said, "It's too windy to give money."

Conestoga (Kitchener) - Conestoga is sponsoring a novice rally on November 15, and all George Brownians are invited to attend and participate. See another page in this issue of the Globe for full details.

Mohawk (Hamilton) - The Opus reports that Mohawk College planned a full program of "Frosh" activities, a Shinerama program (a la Centennial et al) and other social activities for the semester. The Opus, Mohawk's student newspaper, reports that the Hamilton community college will be the first to do a CAAT, to host TV's popular program Under Attack. Taping will start December 2nd.

# CLOWN!





## POLLUTION SEMINAR

For those of you who are interested in pollution I wish to draw your attention to the fact that there was a seminar held at Kensington (Nassau) Campus on October 17. The problems discussed were "Transportation in Downtown Toronto", and "Air Pollution". The former held in the morning meeting and the latter in the afternoon.

While the discussions were taking place films were shown in other rooms. The most notable of the films was "AND ON THE EIGHTH DAY". People who are blind to too many of the earth's problems would be rather "shook up" by this one movie.

The morning Seminar was chaired by Mr. Gower Markle who is Chairman of the Board of Governors for the George Brown College. The main speaker was Prof. T. Langan of the U of T and the panelists were Mr. G. Break, Asst. Manager, T.T.C., Prof. J. Grunstein, York University, and Mr. J.D. Near, the Deputy Commissioner of Public Works.

Although the subject of Transportation was discussed, two questions seemed to hold the interest of the panelists: Firstly, someone wanted to know what the definition of the word — EXPERT — meant to the panelists. Prof. Langan, putting his hands in front and to the sides of his

head stated that in his opinion an expert saw the world through blinders. Only what he needed to know was important, side affects didn't matter.

Secondly, a pretty grade XIII student, who thinks we are "polluted with information on pollution" wanted to know when we were going to do something about it. Unfortunately, although everyone sympathized with her, no one could give a satisfactory answer.

After lunch, the subject of air pollution was discussed by Mr. Gould, the Chief Inspector, Dept. of Energy and Resources (Air Management)

The panelists were Dr. C. Baines, Mr. P. Lawler, M.P.P., Mr. W. Powlanski, an engineer, and Mr. J. Michie of G.B.C. Chairing the meeting was Mr. John Elean of the Ontario Federation of Labour. Mr. Gould explained that his staff started out as a handful of people who were ill-equipped for their job. Their "job" was to check out air pollution which was illegal, but they found they couldn't do a thing because there were no penalties for the offenders. Now, fines have been set (even if some are "petty cash" fines) and his staff numbers over two hundred people.

The economics of changing over to

Cont'd on page 6

## CONESTOGA COLLEGE MOTOR SPORT CLUB

presents

### The First Annual NOVEMBER NOVICE RALLY

DATE: Sunday, November 15, 1970

TYPE OF EVENT:

This rally is designed as a novice event. The instructions will be simple and straightforward.

TYPE OF ROADS:

The course will be set up on roads and highways so that 40% won't be paved.

LENGTH:

Approx. 100 miles and 3-4 hours long.

START:

The Conestoga College, Doon Campus, (just off the 401 Doon Exit)

TIME:

12:00 Registration & scrutineering

12:30 Competitor's briefing

1:01 First car away.

ELIGIBILITY:

All drivers must show proof of a valid drivers licence, and proof of PL and PD insurance. In case the vehicle is not owned by either of the crew, written permission must be presented allowing its use. Crew members under the age of 21 must have a written consent to compete, signed by a parent or guardian.

CLASSES:

There will be no classes except Novice. This class is open to crews who have not completed more than three rallies of 60 miles or more within the last year. Novices will not be allowed to use professional rally equipment.

TEAMS:

There will be no teams.

CREWS:

They will consist of a driver, navigator, and passengers.

ENTRY FEE:

\$2.00 for all entries. This does not include the cost of food and fuel or maps.

EQUIPMENT:

Pencils, paper, watches and a protractor.

CONTROLS:

All controls will be identified by signs shown at the start.

Controls will be open 15 min. before the first car is due and close 60 min. after the last car is due, or 10 min. after the cars have all checked thru.

TIMING:

Time will be recorded to the nearest min. from 29 sec. before the min. to 30 sec. after. Time will be taken as the route card is handed to the marshal. Time in is time out.

TIES:

Ties will be broken in the following manner

a) The competitor having the most zero controls will take the higher position.

b) The competitor having the largest single penalty will take the lower position.

PROTESTS:

As per CASC 1970 Yearbook.

ADDITIONS:

Will be given at the Briefing.

ORGANIZERS:

David Hollinger 724 Rockway Dr. Kitchener  
Wayne Hamel 640 Westmount Rd. Kitchener

TROPHIES:

Trophies will be presented to the First, Second, and Third Place Drivers and Nav. The presentation will take place at a time which will be announced after the rally.

Trophies have been donated by:

The Labatt's Brewery  
Box 94  
Kitchener, Ontario.

## THE CONESTOGA COLLEGE MOTOR SPORT CLUB

### OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Name of Event .....	Date of Event .....
Entrant .....	Address .....
Driver .....	Telephone .....
Address .....	Club .....
Street .....	City .....
Navigator .....	Telephone .....
Address .....	Club .....
Street .....	City .....
Model year of Car .....	Make of Car .....
Vehicle licence No .....	Drivers Licence No .....
Name of Insurance Co .....	Policy No .....

### Waiver and Indemnity Agreement

I have read the supplementary regulations issued for this event and agree to be bound by them and by the competition rules of the C.A.S.C. In the consideration of the acceptance of the entry or my being permitted to take part in this event, I agree to save harmless and keep indemnified Conestoga College, and their respective agents, officials, servants, and representatives from them and against all actions, claims, costs and expenses, and demand in respect of death, injury, loss or damage to any personal property howsoever arising out of or in connection with my taking part in this event and notwithstanding that the same may have been contributed to or occasioned by the negligence of the said body, its agents, servants.

Signatures:	Entrant .....
	Driver .....
	Age (if under 21) .....
	Navigator .....
	Age (if under 21) .....
	Passengers .....

If the competitor is under the age of 21 years, parent or guardian must signify their consent to the acceptance of this entry by signing below.

Signature of Parent or Guardian .....
Date .....

## ELECTIONS

If voters displayed such a lack of interest and a lack of numbers at elections of Canadian government officials we would soon find ourselves being controlled by a dictatorship.

Your vote is a serious and honoured right at any level and shouldn't be used as such. When someone runs for office and isn't voted in that person, is, in fact, entitled to institute any changes or ideas that he may see fit. Everyone that didn't vote for or against him has stated that they believe he'll do a good job because that's what acclamation means, if there is no dissent then everyone must want him. Ho Hum!

Here's the election results:

**Nassau**  
President ..... Ashley Sucharan  
Vice-President ..... Peter Walsham  
Secretary ..... Sandy Turner  
Treasurer ..... Vincent Tratnyek  
Member at Large ..... Bill Sluchinsky  
All members in by acclamation

**Casa Loma**  
President ..... Rick Wilson  
Vice-President ..... Mike Dear  
Treasurer ..... Art Jackson  
Secretary ..... Pat Vineskie  
Member at Large ..... Bob Cummings  
There were two positions elected the rest were by acclamation.

**Teraulay**  
President ..... Rick Hartley  
Vice-President ..... Bill Eakins  
Secretary ..... Cathy Bull  
Treasurer ..... Beverly Fehrman  
Member at Large ..... Ronnie Gills

**College no election**  
President ..... Bob Tiffin  
As for the rest????????

**Keele**  
President ..... David Gould  
Vice-President ..... Ken Burke  
Secretary ..... Diane Dulban  
Treasurer ..... Diane Rowe  
Member at Large ..... Gary Pope  
Only one position in by acclamation  
"Congratulations Keele"

**Kendal**  
President ..... Burt Willcocks  
Treasurer ..... Bryan Hill  
First Vice-President ..... ???  
Second Vice-President ..... Jim Dunro  
Secretary ..... Anne Withers  
Most of the positions were acclamation.

# DEAR NAN SLANDERS

This column is going to be a first. Yes sir, that's what I said, a first. We can't steal anything from anybody when it comes to journalism. We are calling the column — are you ready — "Nan Slanders." The motto is: "Devoted with you in mind," another original from the Globe. Our first letter comes from a little old lady who is in the tractor trailer course.

**Dear Nan:** For six months I have been a student here at the college. I am now near graduation and I find out that I have to have a driver's licence. Well, when Manpower sent me here they never said that. What will I do? I still have one year left before I can receive Social Security.

MOD

**Dear Mod:** I'll bet you never thought I'd ever give you an answer, ha. Well I have been in touch with a friend of mine down at the

department of transport. He said to slip \$25.00 bucks into an envelope with no name on it. Make sure it is in small bills and pass it over the counter to the nice young man named Charlie. If you want a driver's licence — including motorcycle, please add an extra five.

NAN SLANDERS

**Dear Nan:**

Last June I attended George Brown day at the island. At the time I lost something very personal to me. Last week I noticed I was putting on extra weight and went to the doctor. Well, he must go into that. What will I do? I still have one year left before I can receive Social Security.

Dear Swollen:

I've never met him, but if any of our readers have, I'm sure they will where his address.

NAN SLANDERS

**Dear Nan Slanders:**

Last week, while out on

a date with my boyfriend, I found myself in the situation where I was standing behind a parked car necking. During this necking session, I felt something hard in my pocket, do you think it could have been a gun? Grow up!

Dear Nan:

Not long ago my wife went out and bought a television on credit. This, in itself, wasn't too bad, but it was one more thing she just got without my knowledge.

Four coats, new clothes, and furniture all grace my house, but I cannot afford it. I am going to George Brown College. I am a Manpower Student. My wife just wants to spend! Spend! All she does is throw away money on useless items. What can I do?

BAFFLED

**DEAR BAFFLED:** Have her contact me. I have a nice bargain on the Empire State Building and the Brooklyn Bridge.

NAN SLANDERS

## LONG AGO & FAR AWAY

*Mon's apple pie,  
And Dad's stem eye  
That first day at school,  
To learn the "Golden Rule".  
The very first night,  
Where I looked a right,  
That very first date,  
Be home by eight.  
Then, that big romance,  
Met her at the dance.  
Walking to the altar,  
Afraid that I might falter.  
Our first born,  
Came on a Sunday morn,  
And then three more,  
That made four.  
They are all here,  
And she (God bless her) is dead.  
Right now I've a glow,  
From thoughts of that day,  
So Long ago and far away.*

George N. Neale

## NIAGARA FALLS MASSACRE

It seems I'd got drunk and caused a disturbance somewhere the night before and I was doing ten days in the Niagara Falls bucket. Well, it was about noon and they were serving up some food or at least they liked to call it food, and the guard, Scotty, opened up the cell door to let in a poor, bedraggled looking guy. Nobody could stand that. I was always whistling Winchester Cathedral and he was mean and always cheap with the bread.

But anyways, this fellow comes in looking like he was dragged down Main Street by a street cleaner and I walked up to him and says: "Hi, what are you in for." He says "I stole a barrel and I went to the Niagara Falls."

I Well, I kind of stepped back and looked him over; and I guess I believed him. So we got talking, his real name was Jim, and it seems he and a few of his buddies were sitting about the whirlpool one night and they were drinking what he called rocket fuel.

Now for the benefit of those who've never heard of rocket fuel, it is pure alcohol, two hundred proof and it's known to do some weird things to a man's mind.

Anyways, these guys were looking down at the whirlpool and from where they were looking to the most beautiful sight in the world. The water comes rushing through the gorge at over forty miles an hour and at the very last moment just before the water gets to relax in the whirlpool, it is thrown up in the air over a hundred feet by two gigantic rocks. Looks as though somebody just lowered those rocks right in

place there. And below the whirlpool there's another set of rapids, and if you look way up the river you can see the falls spilling over into the gorge. It's got to be the best place in the whole world for just sitting and drinking and thinking. Course you got to be careful when you get drunk cause you can easily fall over.

In fact, there was a guy a few years back that fell over. Seems he was showing somebody how to do a handstand and he just kind of went over but he was lucky cause he landed in a tree about fifty feet down and the fire department hoisted him back up.

To get back to my story, though, Jim and his buddies are sitting around drinking and one of the fellows is telling about a guy named Red Hill who used to be a river-man at the Falls. It seems he had shot the rapids three times in a barrel and he had saved no less than thirteen people from being drowned in the rushing waters. And his son, Red Hill Jr. saved just about as many himself. It seems his son wanted to live up to his father's name, though, and he decided to go over the falls. Well the barrel was in a hook for money his father owed, and Red having no way of getting it out, decided to make a conglomerate of inner tubes, leather straps and a fishnet into suitable transportation for Niagara Falls. It might have worked, but it seems poor Red hit a few sharp rocks.

Well anyways, the original barrel is out of hook now and sitting in front of a grocery store along the river-road as a kind of tourist attraction. Now, to make a long story shorter, it seems Jim got all wound up about

If you are any near what one would consider a most fortunate person, then surely you have the looks of a Greek god or goddess. Well then, perhaps you are waited on whenever your needs or wishes are to be fulfilled. No again, uh, I know, you have a dynamic personality, but I can't luck, eh? How about a beautiful body or lots of security? Gee, that's too bad. I'm very sorry you aren't one of the fortunate ones. Neither am I. However, I do have a very close relationship with a most fortunate person who lacks one of these qualities. To some he is known as the "Earl of Rhodes".

It seems as if we're only yesterday that we first met. The day will never vanish from my memory. I was quite groggy, and I was being awakened from my sound sleep when we were presented. He seemed quite bewildered at the sight of my humble surroundings. Then, I invited him to my surroundings as being completely different. Our meeting was by sheer accident, caused through some sort of blood relation. Now that I think back, I can exchange of feelings, values, and ideas, thankfully united us as one. It was the time for us to live together and for me to learn of him and how he lives.

I was privileged to partake in choosing our new residence. Very adequate in size, beauty, and comfort. I must stress at this time the undying love and respect I have for such a fine person. To explain to the fullest, this feeling I hold, is too difficult for me to express only one. It is quite amusing to watch hours of girls fight and fuss over him. His slightest whim answered immediately by all of those girls. I can't even remember his beckoning call. And why not, the good looks, warm smile, and financial security. It is a good life for one who is respected and loved by many. The fact that his name to strangers brings forth all kinds of inquiries.

An interesting point, many times overlooked, is how he gained the title of

"Earl of Rhodes". A group of higher authorities argued amongst themselves over a period of months the title of Earl of Rhodes. Without really knowing him, he was with many a heated discussion to the people.

There is, like always, a bad side to this little man, small in size, but in the ruggedness of his physique can easily be noticed. He is most disorderly in his conduct. He feels it is necessary to scream, holler, and yell almost in a near fit if he isn't given all he demands. Stubborn is used most loosely in describing him. Conceit is another word I'm afraid may be applied to him. The Earl's presence must always be known and he feels his touch is necessary to all people and all things. But remember, he is still a good person.

During the time I have known him, there is only one tragic incident that has occurred. It should not have happened. I'm afraid may be applied to him. The Earl's presence must always be known and he feels his touch is necessary to all people and all things. But remember, he is still a good person.

It has been only a short time that I have really known him. I feel I have become closer to him than any other person. I have mother. You see, I am his father and he is my son. My father died February 7, 1970. My son was born on January 17, 1970. And his name — Earl Joseph Marshall.

Donald Joseph Marshall  
Rhodes Avenue

all this and he talked the boys into helping him steal that barrel, and early that morning, just as the sun was coming up, Jim was crawling into that same barrel, (he's already above the falls).

Of course, by the time the rocket fuel had taken full control of the boys' minds and they were all half out of their minds, the outcome of this adventure. They were sure that by the end of this day they would all be heroes. So, with much bragging, one man after another got into the barrel of good luck they had, along with the rocket fuel.

As it bobbed into the middle of the river and was swept down stream by the rapids, (and the fact that I remembered one thing they had forgot: There is nobody at the bottom of the falls. So they hopped into the

1956 Dodge and after two or three minutes got started and they were off to the nearest phone booth. When they got there it took another couple of minutes to find a dime, but they found one under the back

seat and notified the police of the situation.

The police, their usual efficient enough, were just late enough to see the barrel (he's already above the falls) heading for the rapids. They did, however, manage to drag the barrel out of the water. They were there for three hours. When the police looked inside there was Jim, fast asleep. It seems he did not remember a thing. The boys had hit his head, (and the fact that he was on the barrel and that, along with the rocket fuel, had given him a very peaceful journey. Of course, the police didn't seem to care. They were sure he was alive, and they soon had him on his way to jail, charged with barrel theft.

Now, whenever the boys get together drinking about the whirlpool, they always get talking about Jim's famous ride, and the injustices that have been heaped upon such a famous man.

## ENCOUNTER

"It was the best of times; it was the worst of times;" Truly, this quote from Dickens illustrates my feelings of panic and confusion as I entered the teaming metropolis of Toronto. I was engulfed by the throngs of people using the subway cars; the mobs of people on Toronto's busiest streets fascinated me. There were examples of all shapes and sizes, colours and ethnic groups. The first person I spoke to here was a gentleman I stopped in order to ask directions. "I have not got time" was his gruff reply as he scurried away. Undaunted, I tried again, this time with much more satisfactory results: the gentleman was kind enough to draw me a map which helped me immensely.

My reason for coming to Toronto was to go to school. After writing a series of tests at Manpower, and then more at George Brown, I was finally registered and installed at this campus. Naturally, my first day was hard. I was shy, nervous and often felt intimidated at the organized chaos at this school, and its size. Gradually the ice was broken and the warmth and friendship exuded by most of the people I met quickly quelled some of my anxieties.

As you may have realized by now, I came from a smaller city; Sault

Cont'd from page 5

non-polluting devices was discussed. Members of most manufacturers complain that buying these devices could put them out of business. Another factor would be putting people out of work in order to stop polluting the air.

This was not the only seminar held in Ontario. All the Community Colleges in Ontario had similar meetings held in conjunction with the Ontario Federation of Labour. At George Brown the seminar was organized by Harry Orsich of the O.F.L. and Dr. R. Williams

of G.B.C. These two were helped by members of the Ontario Federation of Labour and by staff of the College. Special mention should go to Mr. Bill Barker, a G.B.C. Public Relations man, who took part in a series of existing lectures around Toronto, designed signs announcing the seminar and personally delivered them to stores along Spadina.

The GLOBE congratulates those who did so much to try to make the day a success — too bad that a handful of people showed up.

Bonnie Jewell



# ONE OF THESE DAYS...

With his head tilted back and his eyes closed to the bright warmth of the sun, the young man dazed lightly as his frail canoe drifted slowly down the river. He held a fishing rod in his hand mildly, scarcely aware of its left. "Boy," he thought, "this is the life." No noises, just peace and content. That woman of mine is enough to drive a man to drink, always complaining about something or other. And those kids are just as bad, always yelling and screaming. Take after the old lady, I guess. Damn it, if I had it to do all over again I'd sure tell her where to get off. Never get married, life is too damn short to spend it on nine-to-five fishing rod, mow the lawn, take out the garbage, and that incessant never-take-me-out-anywhere-everywhere-whine. I guess, yes, though the young man, one of these days...

Suddenly he became aware of an ever-increasing noise around him and he opened his eyes. There he jerked upright, the fishing rod falling over the side unheeded. He looked around wildly, the colour draining from his lean face as he noticed the white water and swirling waters into which the canoe was being drawn.

"My God, the throat!" he exclaimed. He scrambled for the paddle, the canoe rocking precariously. It seemed like an eternity before he could

pry the paddle out from under the gear-strewn bottom of the canoe. As he straightened up with the paddle in his hands, the canoe lurched to the side and then shot into the swift current of the rapids.

"Too late," he thought grimly, "I will just have to ride this out."

The scene resembled a gigantic boiling cauldron. Swift-moving water cascaded with a deafening roar through the high walled chasm and dashed against the huge boulders in its path, sending froths of spray high into the air to fall back on the man and boat.

The canoe rode the swirling waters like a gigantic cork, twisting, turning, bubbling, disappearing occasionally beneath the mist and spray. Time and again the frail craft narrowly missed being torn to pieces on the jagged rocks as the young man fought with all his strength to guide the canoe through the raging froths of water. The man and his city again; with arms aching from the strain, paddle bending beneath the pressure, the man fought furiously to keep afloat. And then, directly in front of him a massive boulder loomed menacingly and he leaped hard on the paddle. The strain was too much and with a sharp crack the canoe was no more. The craft slammed into the boulder with a bone-cracking crash and the man was catapulted

into the river.

The rushing current tumbled him this way and that, tossing him into rocks and under its icy torrent. He fought desperately, clutching at the rocks, with bleeding fingers, only to have the current tear him away again. A searing pain in his side vied with his need to breath and darkness threatened to engulf his mind.

"Got to make it," he gasped. "Got to make it." A jagged rock tore the flesh off his thigh, leaving a large gaping hole where the bleep had been a few minutes ago, but he fought against the agony, the nausea swelling up within, and struggled to keep his head above the slashing waters.

As quickly as the throat had sucked him into its frightful maw, it now spewed him out. The noise of the rushing waters abated and the current slackened, the young man struggled to shore feebly. His eyes glazed with fatigue and the pain of his battered body, he stared away dull, listless at the nearby shore as he weakly moved his arms in a grotesque parody of swimming. Finally he drew himself painfully and reached out to grasp a flat rock. Completely exhausted, he lay for long minutes gasping for breath, the rock beneath him forming a most comfortable resting place for his almost amputated leg.

He lifted his head slowly

and tried to push himself erect but his searing pain in his side, made him pull up on his arms. Damn it, he thought, must have broken some ribs. And then becoming aware of the warm stickiness of his thigh, he pushed himself to a sitting position and drew back. The tattered remnants of his leg, "Christ," he was cut to the bone! I have got to help fast."

With a long strip of torn pant leg he bound the gashed thigh again; it tightened; he then rose, tottering momentarily, and tried to get his bearings. He looked back at the tumbling rapids, through which he had come, and then to the sun, low in the western sky. Clutching his side fiercely, he set off into the bush.

The underbrush was thick in this low-lying area, and the moans of the fallen and rotting trees affording a slippery foothold for his stumbling feet. Time and again he slipped into the ground. Each time it took longer to rise.

"Got to rest," he mumbled, "just for a minute!" he looked around. An insect crawled over his forehead and into his eyes causing his vision to blur. Off to his right was a clump of tall brown grass and he made his way into it. "Must rest," he thought, if I am going to make it, just for a moment." The grass formed a comfortable mat under him as he crumpled to the ground, his mind slipping into unconsciousness immediately.

He couldn't remember getting up or how long he had been on the trail. He did not know if it was morning or night or how long he had slept. All he knew was that he had to get home. The wife and kids would be worried sick he thought. The pain of his battered body had given way to a numbness and the going was easier now. But replacing the physical pain was mental anguish, the anxiety and fear of not seeing his wife and children again.

The ground seemed to be flying by now and he felt light as a breeze. Direction was no problem, instinct seemed to have taken over and was leading him. Land marks were becoming familiar and then he was out of the bush and in a clearing from where he could see his village. He had crawled in away. He tried to hurry now but something seemed to be holding him back as if he was cursed with the punishment of Tantalus. He could see his wife clearly, standing on the veranda with the broom in her hands calling softly to the children who were playing in the yard. A lump rose in his throat and his eyes grew misty as he watched her freshly scrubbed face and hair gleaming in the late afternoon sun. "God, she is beautiful!"

He tried to move forward but still could not move. "Marie," he cried "Help me," but she continued to sweep the veranda and took no notice of him. Then he dropped to his knees and started to crawl

towards the house. "Marie!" he called again, "is me," "Help me!" His wife lifted her head and looked in his direction. She dropped the broom and ran over to him with a startled expression on her face. A moment later she was kneeling beside him with his head in her lap and stroking his brow. Her fingers felt cool and soothing and he felt his muscles relax in luxurious relief. "Home at last," he sighed; then he looked at his wife's tear-stained face and smiled.

The two dogs set the woods alive with the excited barking. "Over here," called a man, "I think they found something." A group of the crumpled men and around the dogs and stared at the clump of tall grass cradling the lifeless figure of a young man.

"He has been crawled in there to rest and bleed to death," one of the searchers said to no one in particular. "Too bad," remarked another, "he was a nice guy, well, let's get the body out of here and inform his wife."

"You know," one of the younger men of the group commented. "For a guy who has been through what he has, he sure looks content - like he was home in bed." "Yeah" the first man replied, "he is even smiling," he looked around at the crumpled men and sighed. "Well, let's get going. I have got to get home or my old lady will start wondering about my time." "Boy I am telling you these days -"

# A PROTEST PROPOSAL

FOR THE BEAUTIFICATION OF OUR GREAT COUNTRY

It is a sad sight indeed, when travelling, to see lots, beaches, doorways, athletic arenas, and anywhere else your eye happens to fall, littered with drab bits of newspaper, rusting beer cans, old tires, scraps of dull tinfoil, faded coffee cups, bottles of all shapes and sizes, crumpled, tattered, aged mufflers, tired mattresses, sagging bedsteads, solitary boots, rotting fruit and vegetable peels, empty cans, packages, and anything else that symbolizes our modern way of life.

Venture forth upon the roads for a pleasant drive and you will find dodging objects ejected with gay abandon from the cars in front. These objects could be: the waked parent who has lost control of his container whose ingenuity once quenched a thirst, a live cigarette butt, baby's favourite panda, or perhaps a tight ligament that gave up its fight against advancing rust.

Spend a weekend at your favourite resort, and you find yourself on the alert, not only for the bullies that go around kicking and in fact, but also for the dodging objects ejected with the popstick stick who invariably seems to be through with it just as he passes the spot where you are. The sun is out, and you don't have to be. Indeed, skilled in the lore of the forest and its fauna to recognize an abandoned campsite when you slip on a banana peel and on your face in the meal that night, get finished.

Through it all, the authorities fight the good fight by mechanizing the highway crews, street cleaners, and parks staff with more sophisticated equipment. And periodically, at the side of the road, a stark sign (eyecore) in itself is an eyecore), points out that it is sin to degrade the landscape so frivolisly.

Over the years, I have given much thought to this problem, and having weighed carefully all the proposals, I have found most of them sadly lacking merit, for they all seem to come from the same pocket; yours and mine, in the form of heavier machinery.

The population of Canada stands at approximately twenty million persons; including cities, towns and hamlets, we have at least one hundred and seventy nine thousand miles of roadways and thoroughfares (not counting railroads and cow trails), on which we have sixteen million square miles of waterways: lakes, rivers, ponds and canals inclusive. All this on six hundred million square miles of land.

Now, of the population mentioned earlier, I deduct ten million who have not the enthusiasm for the sport of garbage chucking, five million who are only occasionally flex their pitching arms in a half-hearted attempt at missing the trash containers; and a further one million million who being young, are not yet developed the range,

although I'm sure they will learn the fundamental skill of flicking their spoons like a Jai Lai player at a very early age, although an acquaintance of mine from Hamilton, a place renowned for its proficiency at the sport, protested that he never heard of more than one or two cases where a child under the age of ten years had a range in excess of twenty feet. This leaves four million hard core "fingers" to carry (or drop) the banner for the rest of the country.

Here then, is my proposal which I feel will meet with but few objections. I have a friend of mine, from Haight Ashbury, suggests that, with the trend of "Pop" art being accepted almost universally, the streets and highways could be decorated with murals decorated with new durable, brightly coloured, fade resistant, simulated trash.

I therefore humbly offer for public consideration that of the four million aforementioned adult citizens, 25%, or one million be selected (conscripted if necessary) and put on a "trash" payroll as "Trash tossers". They would undergo a period of basic training in "boot" camp where they would be trained in the rudiments of "Trashology", and then, under the supervision of a corps of inspectors and airplane spotters, would range the countryside, training in the colouring, blanket of shiny, new,

simulated garbage (specially developed for its durability) on any neglected or inaccessible area. This would reduce money spent on salaries for the current million "trash" men presently occupied with cutting grass and sweeping streets, which at the present time stands at four and one half million dollars; a further saving of ten million dollars, which is spent annually on maintenance and replacement of grass cutting machinery (which would no longer be required, for obvious reasons); and another saving of fifteen million dollars connected with street sweeping.

A businessman, known to me, confided that this opens great avenues of profit making. A chain of retail outlets across the country, selling a line of simulated rubbish, would have great appeal to the weekend crowds, including the seven million, four hundred thousand tourists who cross our border each year. A special line of souvenirs marked "Thrown in Canada" or some similar, appropriate, catchy slogan, would be bought as presents for the family. Manufacturers could produce great quantities of these and other products, like sealed garbage cans for lawn ornaments which would be tossed into the trash, toss their refuse, thereby relieving unemployment (which currently stands at 6% of the labour force), by opening up new opportunities which would

otherwise have been unthought of.

A friend, who owns a large estate in King Twp., indicated that the desire to outdo his neighbour in the landscaped and beautification, implied that this feeling is prevalent among the "horsey" set. Therefore "Exterior decorating" courses could be instituted and "country wisp" types, esthetic, if inclined, would be in great demand with the more affluent of our society.

Local and national competitions could be instituted. The "Littered lawn of the Month" award, would be a stimulant for the amateur trashologists, and a committee of experienced judges would select the country selecting finalists for this coveted laurel.

All these things and more, would be of great benefit to the country as a whole, in the forms of tax relief, employment, industrial and commercial profits, individual and group satisfaction, and national pride. In fact, the country in the world could this be possible, for we have so much. Think of a peasant in the mountains of Colombia discarding shoes or clothing because they are out of style; or think of a rickshaw driver in Hong Kong leaving his meal unfinished because the snack he has purchased at mealtime took away his hunger. These things are done only in this land of plenty where it is second nature to discard surplus food, or items we sur-

Before attempts are made to discard proposals, consider first how people can be taught to change a way of life so deeply ingrained? Secondly, do the people have the desire?

So, don't bother me with increased fines and more intense surveillance by police augmented by civilian spotters with special powers. I have no desire for the offenders, picking up the trash along the roadways; perhaps an escalating term, ranging from three, ten hour days, for first offenders, to indefinite periods for the hard core refuse spreaders; a campaign, utilizing all the media at our disposal, to make it a matter of public and national pride in public and country; more intense "spot" checking of cars, with the purpose of ascertaining on arriving at parties threatening to become dislodged; for all these things would be of little consequence in a million of persons so intent on covering their spoors for all to see.

I must confess that, I have no personal interest in promoting this necessary work of beautifying the landscape with the popstick sticks, for I have been through the excess funds, for the purchase of these items, so would therefore be restricted to the home-made waste. I have no adequate time to devote to this pursuit. I further confess an apathy toward all problems of national and local interest.

## GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE APPRENTICE PROGRAM

### FLOOR HOCKEY LEAGUE:

Class teams must be signed in with Mr. Drake, by the third day of classes.

Billiards Tournament (Snooker)

PLACE: Brooks, Pool Hall -

DATE: November 18th

FEES: \$1.00

Entrants must sign in with Mr. Drake BEFORE November 17, 1970. No one will be added after this date.

### TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

DATE: November 25th.

Players must be signed up no later than November 23rd.

### BASKETBALL AND VOLLEYBALL

Any class seeking games should contact Mr. Drake.

### THE FOLLOWING RECREATIONAL SPORTS ARE AVAILABLE TO YOU AT NO CHARGE:

1. ARCHERY	Nassau Gym	Tues. & Thurs., 4:30
2. TENNIS	Nassau Gym	Fridays, 6:30-8:30
3. BADMINTON	Nassau Gym	Wednesdays, 4:30-6:30
4. JUDO	Nassau Gym	Wednesdays, 8:30-9:30
5. KARATE	Nassau Gym	T.B.A.
6. SCUBA	Ryerson	Thurs., 8:30-9:30 p.m.

For additional information, please contact:

Mr. Drake  
Athletic Director  
21 Nassau Street  
362-3971 Ext. 173

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GLOBE**  
ROOM 410 TERAULAY  
PHONE 360-1554

EVERYONE INVITED!  
costume or  
straight

**HALLOWEEN**

Humber College  
presents great  
DANCE  
another  
Friday Oct. 23/70 8:30pm-1am

featuring  
Robert E. Brigade

tickets at door  
\$1.50 each  
liquor licence

ample parking

St. LAWRENCE Market (new)  
Jarvis + Front



Black clouds must be hanging over the College lately. Do you realize that the only sports we will enter on a Varsity level will be Soccer and Volleyball? Of course not! But the LONE STRANGER has looked into the subject for you.

Apparently, the Student

## TRIM YOUR FIGURE!

At the Nassau campus, your gymnasium awaits you. You may take advantage of the weightlifting equipment, trampoline, speed bag, heavy punching bag, and lots of other stuff.

If you're interested in sports or exercise, come on out and take part in exercising programmes and tournaments. It's all there for YOU!

Council is running short of money (Oh, really?) because the Government cut off the activity fee. What has this to do with sports? How do you

## THE LONE STRANGER

checks  
VARSITY SPORTS

think we can afford to enter the O.C.A.A. who governs the athletics of the Community Colleges?

It was decided, at a meeting in August, to enter the Association but to pay the membership to enter the minimum required number of sports. We entered men's and women's Volleyball and, of course, our Soccer team couldn't be let down. This year there will be no hockey or basketball "HUSKIES" to grace the arenas around the area. Why? No Varsity team to represent our National Sport! Why? No team to

represent us in basketball! Is it because they lost last year? Would a hockey team cost too much to support? COST! COST! There's

the dirty word.

If we were concerned with the welfare of a team only; Yes! We are spending too much! However, we are not worried about supplying a team, are we?

NO! Emphatically NO! We are concerned with the PRIDE of a school. That is one commodity upon which no price can be fixed. I call upon those who control the purse-strings of the college to consider the plight of the Varsity sports.

Until the next time friends, the LONE STRANGER, bids a hearty HI, HO, HUSKIES!

## BEER STEINS

12 oz. (Glass)

\$1.60

14 oz. (Glass)

\$1.80

Available at your  
Campus Book Store  
Dartnell, Nassau,  
Teraulay or at

S.A.C.

## STUDENT CENTRE

160 KENDAL AVE.

## SAC College Regalia Price List

Photo-copies	..... \$ .05
Pens	..... \$ .25
Pads	..... \$ .60
Folios	..... \$ .85
Matches	..... \$ .01
Attache Cases	..... \$11.50
Tankard (12 oz. glass)	..... \$ 1.60
Tankard (14 oz. glass)	..... \$ 1.80
Tankard (16 oz. ceramic)	..... \$ 3.95
Ashtrays	..... \$ 1.10
Sweatshirts (ladies)	..... \$ 7.00
Rings - Men's Gold	..... \$28.00
- Men's Silver	..... \$18.00
- Ladies' Gold	..... \$26.50
- Ladies' Silver	..... \$17.00
Decals	..... \$ .15

GBC joins with Centennial Humber & Seneca  
IN

## The Great Pumpkin Watch Oct. 31 st.

- featuring \* the "FATHER" in concert  
\* film festival with BLACK CAT (Boris Karloff)  
& PHANTOM of the OPERA (Claude Rains)  
\* the Great Pumpkin watch with bon-fires & revelry

All Free to GBC students  
**SENECA COLLEGE CAMPUS**

Finch Ave. E. at Woodbine  
starts at 7:00 p.m.

Ends when the Great Pumpkin is Seen (?)

## IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

John was an ordinary sort of chap, tall, dark, and you could even call him handsome, with an undesirable thirst for excitement. He quit school in grade 11 and began working in a factory. The money was excellent for him so he had no need to regret his actions.

He began hanging around a few of the older employees and before you knew it, he was in trouble. You see, these particular guys were 'heads'. He started with grass and hash. This made him feel older and more mature and really with it. It was inexpensive so he enjoyed it as often as he wanted to. Even at work, he smoked up in the can, thinking nothing was wrong. Little did he realize he was getting thinner and emotionally unstable. He

became more relaxed and his moral concerns became very liberal. It was at this point he met June.

June was a confirmed drug user. She was very attractive and emotional. She was older than John, which meant a lot to him. She even had her own pad; it was here that the point of no return came to John.

John reached the apartment about 7:30 that night. The room was dark and gloomy with strobe lights flickering in each corner. The walls were covered with immense posters, all psychedelic, reflecting the light. It was like a world of its own.

June received him with a tiny purple pill at the door. "Swallow it", she exclaimed in a high pitched voice, echoing over the music. He did without hesitation. Nothing happened for the first 45 minutes or so, then, without a sign, it started to take effect.

He felt himself relaxing like he never relaxed before. It seemed like his stomach was floating and his hands and arms were a shadow with no weight. The music blurred and sent vibrations through his whole body, leaving a tingle or rush. It was fantastic. His pupils enlarged as he watched the strobe light reflect on the wall. The pictures seemed to move in different directions all at once. He studied one such picture and found

himself in an hour glass slowly drowning in the fog; then in a second he was over a cliff which had no bottom, falling endlessly down, reliving flashes of memories from childhood to present life. He forced himself to look away and at that moment June came up beside him. She looked like a queen covered with diamonds to her waist. Her breasts were gigantic, yet soft and desirable. Her thighs were covered with blue spots.

He tried to move but it was no use. June came to him, whispering his name, which sounded like echoes floating in a vacuum of space, never quite reaching him. She touched his forehead and a blast of thunder went off in his head as though his brain had rushed through the point

she had touched. She came closer, kissing his lips, moving her hands over him, and touching every part of him. He lay there sensing what she was doing but not able to stop her. It seemed she knew exactly where to touch, arousing him in such a way that he thought he would die, if she didn't stop. The rushes increased and he felt he was superior to the whole world.

Suddenly he got the strength to move his hands and he found himself caressing her body with an unbelievable sensation of force and ecstasy. It seemed like he made love over and over again, never really stopping over to breathe.

All of a sudden his stomach dropped; it just fell out of him. Pains started to occur first over so slightly,

then becoming fierce, pounding, torturing him. His whole body became a diseased particle. Every bone and joint drew pain; even his blood ran cold. He started shivering as if he were in a cold storage.

John realized there was something wrong when she touched him. He was boiling and sweating. She called us in and we began talking him down with little avail because there was something in the acid that was poisonous.

Next thing John realized, briefly, was that he was in the hospital, with doctors looking over him. The nurse stuck something in his arm and that was it. His body grew quiet, and it was then that I felt his mind slide through my hand.

Good-bye John.

PETER HOOD